7:Bolinder T-5 (1920, 1955) 1957
SC13 Goajiro SC13

neither was much help. Our route went in a zig-zag from water hole to water hole. I did not feel altogether sure that the Gaffer would find the mission station. From what I could understand of the interpreter's inadequate Spanish and floods of Guajiro, it seemed that when the old man made his trip to the Macuira Hills, there was not yet a mission station there. I knew that it was of relatively recent date. If we could only get to Macuira, we could ask our way to the monks, I felt sure of that. Otherwise we should have to try and find our way to the little harbour of Puerto Estrella on the east coast of the peninsula. To go there involved a detour, but there would certainly be a white person or at least a mestizo there, who would be able to show us the way to Amúruru.

It seemed to us that our baquiano not only wandered round in search of water holes, but also avoided certain ranchos. What, we wondered, was the position with his clan? Was it engaged in a feud just then? I knew little of clan quarrels and blood-feuds, then.

The Gaffer now began asking everyone we met the way to Macuira. It was obvious that he did not know where he was and that we had a bad guide. The Guajiro have a wonderful sense of direction. They find their way unerringly about their trackless cactus steppes, where every place looks alike. They know every depression in the ground, every eminence, and they all have names. Like the Arabs in the desert, they never forget a way they have once travelled, so it was obvious that the Gaffer had never before been where we were then, that he had simply gone astray. The Indians' ability to follow tracks is also amazing. They can see by the hoof prints when a strange horse has been in among a herd, and they can track down a strayed bullock, even if it has joined company with others. An Indian can see whether others belong to his clan or not from a long distance off, even when he does not know them personally. They have a clan mark tattooed, or sometimes painted on their thighs, it is true, but an Indian seems to know to which clan they belong, even when you cannot distinguish those marks through field glasses.